A REVIEW OF THE Affairs of *FRANCE:*

Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of *News-Writers* and *Petty-Statesmen*, of all Sides.

Saturday, July 22. 1704.

THE Affairs of *Sweden*, which lay before me, had gone on in a due Chain of things in this Review —— But the Author has been diverted by a Terrible Attack, made upon the Intrenchments of his Honesty, as to Story.

This has been a bloody Battail, *the Action of Schellenbergh is a Fool to it*; the Author of the *Daily Courant* with his 20 Regiments of Booksellers, Storm'd Our Counterscarp, and tho' they have formerly attempted it, and were beaten off as in the Review *N°* 17. and 18. yet having now Muster'd up all their Forces, they came on with an assurance Peculiar to News-Writers —— and gave all the World Notice of the Victory they thought certain; Inviting them three Days together to come and see the Sport.

I hope the Readers will bear the disappointment of what they expected this time in course, as to the King of *Sweden*, and accept of the short History of this Pen and Ink War as follows.

The Author of the Review Printed a Letter, Directed to the Club; concerning a wrong Quotation of the *Leiden Gazette*, see Review *N°* 37.

Gentlemen,

YOU may inform the Scandalous Club, *that the* Daily Courant, *Publish'd this day, is an Imposition on the Publick; for that he dates his News from the* Leiden Gazette June, 12. *and there is not one word in the same, not so much as from the Place he mentions there, as from* Rome, Genoa, &c. May 24. *This I thought fit to tell you, that it may be inserted in to Morrow's* Review. June 16. 1704. Yours, *&c.*

The Author of the *Courant* in return to this, in his *Courant* of *July* the 14th. Prints the following NOTE.

The Writer of this Courant, *desires the Author of the* Review *of the Affairs of* France *to answer the following Question in his next Paper.*

Suppose a Letter be sent to the Writer of the Courant, *telling him a very Scandalous Story of the Author of the* Review; *What Name would he deserve should he take the Liberty to publish such a Letter without making any enquiry into the Fact? especially if the Story should prove false?*

Whether he Answer this Question or not, we intend to tell the Publick the Reason of our asking it, in Mondays Courant.

I confess, I look'd for strange things by Vertue of this Notice; and People ask'd me if I had Committed any secret Murther, Rob'd some Body on the High-Way; Ravish'd some of my Neighbours Daughters, or kept Half a Dozen Whores or the like, —— Indeed, I began to rummage my past Life, to find what I had done I shou'd now be posted for; and expecting the worst, I gave him an Answer in the last Review; which I thought was a fair Challenge to say his worst, provided it was but True.

MONDAY came, and then having some Foreign News to put in which he had not before, he Cryes out for *Tuesday*, as follows.

Want of Room obliges us to refer to to morrow's Paper, what we intended to say to day upon the Question put in last Friday Courant *to the Author of the* Review *of the Affairs of* France.

TUESDAY comes, and still having something else to say; he makes Proclamation for *Wednesday* as follows.

The Arrival of this Mail has oblig'd us to put off what we have to say to the Author of the Review *one day longer.*

WEDNESDAY, being barren of News, and glad of something to supply a Deficiency, out comes a long Story too tedious to repeat here; which is thus Abridg'd.

He tells the Author of the Review, that upon seeing the Letter, he began to look about him; and first, he thought he had mistaken one Paper for another, but upon search finding he had done all things Right, has left the Papers at Mr. *Knaplocks* for every body to Judge by; and whereas the Author of the Review has set up a Shop of Scandal, wherein he is free with other Peoples Reputation, he wonders he shou'd take no care of his own; and more to this effect.

He is very Witty upon the Review on this Subject, tells him of shuffling, eating his Words, and a great deal of such ill Language; and then falls to Recriminating, and to search the *Reviews* for Matter of Fact, and pitches upon three places.

The last Paragraph of the *Review* N° 37—— and the first of N° 38, relating to the King of *Sweden*.

Then the Case of Sir, *G——R——*, the *French* News, and the Article of the *Portuguese* War; which are in the *Review* of N° 32. which he says are contradicted N° 34. to both which the Reader is Referr'd; some other Witticisms he is pleased to let fly at our *Review*, which having stood so fierce a Bombardment, has call'd in its Forces to make a Salley, ——— and coming boldly out of our Trenches; We Resolve to make a Field Battail of it ——— and so Gentlemen, the Word is, according to the Billingsgate Dialect, *a clear Stage and no Favour.*

ADVICE from the Scandalous CLUB.

Victoria, Victoria! Now I have maul'd him, cry'd a Man, before his Armour was off, in an Ecstasie of Triumph, knocking at the Door, and very much disturbing the Society, then sitting upon extraordinary Business.

When the Door was open'd, it appear'd to be a Man with a Printed *Courant* in his hand, which he said was sent from the Author, *and his Club of twenty*, to the Society.

He had cry'd O yes, three times in three *Daily Courants*, to Summon the Crowd about him, and raise the Expectation of the People; and at last *RIDICULUS MUS* empty'd himself all at once in a long Letter to the Author of the *Review*.

He had given the World his Sacred word once before, *Courant*. No. —. that this mean Author was not worth his while to Answer, and his Readers should never be troubled about him again ——— but that Resolution he has thought fit to break, and his Readers are to place it to the Account of *News-Writer's Honour*.

His Letter being read, and the Author of the Review *Summon'd,*

He makes Answer as follows.

Sir, The Letter about the *Leiden Gazette*, at which you are so much offended, and from which you think you have me at so much Advantage, that you Claim my Promise of *l'Amende Honorable*, was brought me by the Publisher of this Paper.

Now, Sir, as I receiv'd this in a Letter, and presented it to the World *as such*, and not as my Private Observation, according to my just Distinction, in the last *Review*; I think my self not equally Answerable for it, as if it had been my own, any more than you were formerly, for *Translating Nonsence*, because you found it in the Original. *Daily Courant*, No. ....

In *France*, Sir, from whence you fetch your Law of Satisfaction, and in *England* too, where there are some Men of Honour left, if a Gentleman says any thing Reflecting upon another, and names the Person he had it from, 'tis allow'd to be a full Satisfaction *as to him*, and the Demand lies on the third Person. Now I think we Authors are not above the Laws of Gentlemen; I don't Answer for you, Sir, but for my self ———

Thus, Sir, if the Letter be false, I have done with it; If you are not Satisfied, *you know your Man*, Sir, I am no farther concern'd, I gave it you as a Letter, and have produc'd my Author.

And yet, Sir, had I really been impos'd upon by the Person in this Case, I would have been as good as my word to make you Amends, and I would most humbly have ask'd your Pardon, in as Publick a manner, as I offended you; and I fancie you a Man of so much Temper, as well as Sense, that you would have taken this for *l'Amende Honorable*.

But, Sir, there is *an unhappy Accident* fallen out in this Matter, which prevents all the Submissions I was going about to make you, and that is, That there is not one word in all your Charge, has the least shadow of Truth in it, *Pardon the Expression, Sir*, I shall treat you, as I do the King of *Sweden*, in as good Language as the Case will bear.

In short, Sir, the Person has Honestly produc'd his Voucher, the *Leiden Gazette*; and now, Sir, I make you this Offer:

That

That for every line of your two long Paragraphs, dated *May* 24. from *Rome* or *Genoa*, and nam'd to be Translated from the *Leyden Gazette* of *June* 12, I say for every line you can find in the *Leyden Gazette* of *June* 12, you shall have 100 *l.* paid you upon Demand.

Certainly, Sir, you are strangely hasty to over look this, or else you have some *Gazette in Rubibus*, Printed at *Leyden*, that no body sees but your self ——

All the Papers I know, or can hear of, which were ever call'd *Leyden Gazetts*, are two, the one in *French*, the other in *Dutch* —— That in *Dutch* is properly the Gazette, and is Dated *June* 11. but has not one Article in it, either from *Rome* or *Genoa* —— I suppose there cannot be one of the 11th. and one of the 12th. too, for he is too modest an Author *to come out every day*; tho' his Reputation is none of the best neither.

The *French* Gazette from *Leyden*, is of *June* the 12th. —— and here is indeed, Sir, an Article from *Rome*, of *May* 24. —— If you will flye to that Refuge, you are Welcome —— I'll joyn issue with you there ——

But, Sir, here is not one word from *Genoa*, in the whole Paper —— and secondly, tho' there is an Article from *Rome*, yet there is not one word of your News in it; and thus far, Sir, the Letter is made out, that your *Courant* of *June* 16, is an Imposition on the Publick ——

For the Proof of this, I have given you a Specimen of the *French* Paper, call'd the *Leyden Gazette*, set against your Paper; and the Original is left at *Ford's* the *Scots* Coffee-House, behind the *Royal Exchange*, for any body to observe

From the *Leyden Gazette*, dated *June* 12. *Rome*, *May* 24.

Last Week we had a Consistory, where the Pope propos'd several Churches; and making a very Elegant Speech to the Sacred College, Told them he had come to a Resolution, and that he would very speedily make a Promotion of Cardinals ——

Translated thus; *Daily Courant*, *June* 16. *Rome May* 24.

The Count *de Lamberg*, the Emperor's Ambassador, has invited the Sacred College, to assist at a Solemn Procession, which is to be perform'd the 26th. Instant, in the Church *Dell' Anima*, belonging to the *German* Nation.

This, Sir, indeed is an incomparable Translation; and you ought for the future to set up for Master of that Science, if you can find out a sort of *French* or any other Language, that can signify both these Articles, then you have me; but till then, I remit all the Satyr, and Gibing of your long Letter, back to your own self deliberate self.

If there are any other Papers from *Leyden*, they never went by the Name of Gazette, and if they go by other Names you ought to have told us what they were, for I never question'd *but you had your News somewhere*; but if it be not in the *Leyden* Gazette as I am sure it is not, 'tis no where as to the Cause in Hand, and may as well be looke for in the *Alcboran*, or the History of *Robin Hood*.

I know, Sir, as well as you know, the City of *Ulm* from a River, that there is another Paper from *Leiden* call'd the *Slip*, there perhaps we might have found some of your News; if this Slip is your Gazette, then I leave itto the World to judge, (asking your Pardon for the *Pun*) who has made a Slip of it, you or I? ——

Possibly you may make the Gazette a Slip, and the Slip a Gazette. But our Club thinks fit to ask, Sir, if your Supplement is a *Courant*, and your *Courant* a Supplement; if Mr. *Jone's* Expresses are *London* Gazettes, or if the *Leyden* Author, publishes two Gazettes in a Day; for I have the Gazette wherein it is not, and you have the Slip wherein part of it is; —— and you must make your Slip a Gazette if you know how.

But for your farther Conviction, Sir, and to silence all possible Cavil, the very Paper you have translated from, and in the very Article you have translated, owns it self to be no Gazette: In the Title 'tis call'd, *Supplement aux Novelles Extraordinaires*, and begins thus.

Letters from Rome *of the* 24th. *of the last Month, add to what has been said in our Gazette of this Day.*

Here the Author allows the other is a Gazette, and this a Supplement; but you have Christen'd the Supplement; and to make good your partial Translation, have left the two first Lines out.

After all this, pray Sir, who could you think would have lookt in the Slip for your News translated out of the *Leyden* Gazette? No body but the same Man, that when the Parson takes his Text out of the Old Testament would look for it in the New.

If this will not satisfie you, Sir, at your Request I'll undertake to prove, that even from the Slip where you had the News, and which you would call a Gazette if you could, you have given us near 20 Lines about Sir *Lambert Blackwel* and *a Tale of a Tub*, which is not to be found in the Original.

I wonder at the Impudence of some VVomen, said a Certain Lady, and she was taken in Bed with two Men at a Time: I wonder at the Freedom of your Stile with me, Sir, while you lye open to so much Demonstrative Truth.

I had ended here, Sir, —— but that your Prolix Letter calls me to Vindicate the *Review* a little —— and indeed I think my self bound to this —— because I resolve to write it no longer than reason and Argument will fairly defend it —— for as it happens, you and I write from differing Principles, you to get Money by your Readers —— I to Inform and Entertain them; Convince the World of needful Truths, and detect Preposterous Errors and Imposition on Mankind, *such as yours*, and have hitherto rejected the Profit of it; not Sir, that I am so Wealthy; but if I must live in the World, it must be some other way: *The Vice* is too high in me yet, to accept of it for writing this Paper, possibly in time I may be reduc'd to be more Humble.

Now, Sir, I come to your killing strokes, and Recrimination, *the Certain last Shift of a baffled Cause* must help you out. But what's this to *the River Ulm*, *the King of Savoy*, or setting *Midsummer day* a Fortnight out of its Place?

Stop Thief! said a Poor Woman in the Street, when another run away with her Oranges; so the People took her, and carried her before the Justice —— where after the Complaint made, *And what have you to say for your self?* says the Man of Peace; *I have enough to say*, quoth the Lifter; *why* and't please your Worship, *this VVoman is an Impudent VVhore, she had two Bastards in our Alley, and she's big with Child now, and has no're a Husband to Father it*: *VVell*, says the Justice,

Rice, *but what's this to stealing of Oranges*, and so sent her away to *Bridewel*.

The seeming Contradictions of the *Review*, which for Want of Consideration you would fain call Paradoxes, are thus explain'd.

As to the K— of S—, Sir, 'tis true, I said in the last Paragraph of the *Review*, N. 37. *I should in the Progress of this History charge him* &c. Dear Sir, the Story is not yet finished; and how do you know but I may be as good as my Word? And I again give you my Promise I shall; and for that Reason your Observation cannot be just.

But as I thought my self bound in Respect to the Character of a Crown'd Head, and a great Prince, to speak even the severest Truths in as good Language as the Case will bear, and to show *the little Manners the Times have left me*; I put in a Parenthesis, that those who expected me *as I said you did, for one*, to Bully the K— of S— and treat him in Scoundrel Terms would be mistaken; — behold the weak Pains of a Man of your Sense, to call this eating of Words, and to find out a Contradiction in it; never fear Sir, the first Paragraph shall be made good for all that.—

As to the other Heads of Contradiction, that I tell you the *French* boasted they had endeavour'd in vain to fight our Fleet; help *London-Post*, *Post-Boy*, and all your Brother Authors. Indeed, Sir, they told us, the *French* made this Boast; and if the Gazetteer does not say the same Words, Sir, *for I am not so nice a Translator as you*, it says the very thing in Effect, and so I won't stand with you if the Sense agree.

As to *Portugal*, I explain'd my self, Sir, for the Prevention of Misunderstandings, — *Review* No. 34. But if you cannot see it without your Spectacles, and won't put them on, I cannot help that: I assure you, I did not mean you, when I talkt of *braving Folks in a Mortar*. I think when I made an Observation against some Articles in the Affair of *Portugal*, and *which we have seen the Issue of too plainly since*, it could no way follow, Sir, but to Men who judge by Wholesale as you do, that I am of Opinion *the War with* Spain *is not just*.— It is enough, Sir, other Men understand me, and so I believe you can if you please; if not, I told you it is not my Business *to wash Æthiopians*; — Nay, Sir, if I had wrote at large against the whole Expedition, it might reflect indeed upon the Measures taken, but there's no Reason to say I should mean the *War with* Spain *is not just*.

—All Men that know me will allow, and I have in Print declar'd it was ever my Opinion, our War with *Spain* was just; our Quarrel being only or chiefly with *Spain*, *France* it self coming in *Per accidens*, as an *Auxiliar* and *Ally*.

Thus, Sir, these Difficulties are solv'd for you, and if you please to look over the *Reviews* again, perhaps you may find some I cannot reconcile so much to your Satisfaction; *for I am not without my Mistakes, and expect to be told of them*; and when I am I'll assure you I'll either acknowledge them, or find a better Excuse for calling the City of *Ulm* a River, or the Duke of *Savoy a King*, than that the Paper was printed by Midnight; for if so, Sir, you have Daylight enough to look it over afterward: And your Paper comes out often enough to hold all the News, and all the long Speeches and Letters of the *King of Savoy*'s Ambassadors, which we often have several Days after they are printed in other Papers, and yet leave Room enough to put in an *Errata* to undeceive those you impose on in your *Midnight-Hast*.

We have some Letters of the Grievances of the People by us on that very Head, complainsng of a Club of Booksellers *really scandalous*, who can find News or something else to make up a Paper for the Interval of 5 Mails wanting, and yet come out every Day. But this we shall adjourn as you did your Letter to a farther Opportunity.

As to your telling naughty Stories, of which you say I was afraid; I think what I said to that Question in the last *Review*, clear'd me of Apprehensions.— But since the present Dispute lay *this way only*, and the Letter seem'd *to point another*; I only gave you a Caution to produce Fact with necessary Vouchers, that *neither you nor I, Sir*, might stand in Need of Personal Correction.

Your humble Servant,

Review.

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